UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

That's a New Idea

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

The Conservative Farmer

By C. F. ANSLEY

Father Alexander Giesswein

By FREDERICK HANKINSON

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. XCII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1924 Number 21

TO LINCOLN.

For Unity.

We name thee first, the American;
Foremost of men in love, in faithfulness,
And in perception of the way of life
That yet shall bring the world to liberty.
No one with clearer mind and nobler heart
Was ever so engaged to serve mankind.
None ever made surrender more complete,
Forgetful of all selfish, petty ends.

America! The union of these states!
That we might lead the way for all the world
To heights of welfare never yet attained!
This was the dream, the central thought, to love
Of which unwaveringly thou gavest all.
Never an instant faltered from its course
The arrow of thy mind—the will to serve
Unto the uttermost the Commonwealth—
Breath of thy breath, thy one supreme concern
To keep alive the union of these states.

For thou didst see and love the holy law:
The principle of unity in all,
The rule of beauty at the heart of life,
That holds the stars in place and gives to earth
Its summer gladness and its winter's calm.
Thy heart was wedded to the thought that life
Is one and but in fellowship man's life
Grows truly great. America to thee
A symbol was and fit embodiment
Of the vast harmony in truth that is
The universe. The union of these states
Meant more to thee than outward show of things;
Meant more than continents of piled-up wealth;
Than haughty grandeur and a nation's pride.
Oneness, it meant; the oneness of all souls;
A fellowship; a holy brotherhood;
America! To it, as unto God,
Thy spirit yearned.

We have not yet become
Alive to all the splendor of thy thought—
Our feet too slow to match thy stalwart stride.
Yet it is much that we begin to know
How we are doubtful where thy faith was strong;
How we have lesser loyalties than thine,
Self-seeking still where thou put self aside.
But yet, remembering thee, our heart is stirred
As to the sun the springtime earth responds.
By thy great power to waken love in us,
Thy dream becomes our dream, thy will our will.
Of thee we learn what consecration means.

Victor E. Southworth.

The real things are the immaterial things. The things for which men suffer torture, for which they will let their bodies rot in dungeons vile, for which they will even gladly die, cannot be measured with a yard stick or weighed in the scales. There were economic motives that were connected with the American revolution, but these do not explain Valley Forge. The trouble with the economic interpretation of history lies in the fact that it does not explain the conduct of leaders like William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John G. Birney, and a host of other men and women in the days of the anti-slavery movement who lost sight of every possible economic advantage to themselves in their passion for that intangible thing they called human liberty. The great leaders in the Socialist movement in France, Germany and England are themselves a complete refutation of the doctrine which has been preached in the name of science and socialism. Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, in France; Rodbertus, Lassalle, Marx, in Germany; Robert Owen, Morris, Hyndmann, in England, forgot their economic interests in order to espouse a cause which they thought would destroy the class from which they sprang. It was a deep passion for justice and righteousness and a faith in the unlimited power of love that were the motive powers in the life of Henry D. Lloyd. Idealism may be discredited for the moment. Millions were led to commit so many crimes in its name during the war, that men turn from it in shame and disgust. But it is idealism that always has called forth men to heroic endeavor, which has led them to the mountain heights from which they have caught a vision of the City of God. As it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. The faith of men has been shattered but not destroyed. Out of the ruins of the past the youth of the future will raise new standards which will be the rallying points of new adventures in the name of justice, righteousness and love. These immaterial things will save us from the crude and sordid domination of things that can be measured and weighed.

It would seem as though the ceremonies attending the burial of Nicolai Lenin in Moscow must have given pause to those who have been taught to regard him as a ruthless butcher—a mad revolutionist running amuck. When in our time, or in any time, has the world seen such an outpouring of sorrow and reverence—such a prostration of a whole people before the bier of a single man? Walter Duranty, in the New York *Times,* estimates that not less than a million men, women and children, some of them coming from great distances, all of them standing for hours in snow and bitter cold, filed before the body of the dead, to give him salutation and farewell. Kings may have thus been recognized—great conquerors like Napoleon—but never before a humble man, set up for a brief moment as the ruler of

a nation. And this is the man, we are told, who enslaved the Russian people, persecuted and hunted them, slaughtered them by the hundreds of thousands, reduced them to the lowest depths of misery and despair! Could anything be more preposterous than such a yarn as this? Lenin's name had and still has such a magic in Russia that it is not at all impossible that in due time, among the ignorant and superstitious, as one correspondent suggests, he may be worshipped as a god. And this because the people know what he did for them —how he saved their revolution when it was dropping from the weak hands of Kerensky, how he refused to butcher the Russian youth in an imperialistic war against the Germans, how he beat off the invasions of the enemy, how he held together the fabric of the state, how he emancipated the common people from their political and economic serfdom, how he gave the peasant his land, the worker his tools, the people their nation, how he lived in simplicity and died in loyal devotion! The people know he was their friend. Their tears give prophecy that Lenin will be known in history as one of the supreme saviors of the race.

It seems to us a dreadful tragedy that has befallen the Harding cabinet. We can feel no satisfaction over it—on the contrary, only regret, especially for the President who finds himself burdened with men whom his amiable predecessor appointed for party reasons, and whom he now must retain, until election at least, for similar party reasons. It will be remembered that Mr. Harding, creditably distrusting his own capacities for leadership, decided to base his administration on a council of "best minds." These "best minds" he assembled in his cabinet. And now look at them! Secretary Fall, fortunately retired with his $100,000 gifts or loans, is on the front page of every newspaper, the worst discredited public man since the impeached Secretary Belknap of the disgraceful Grant administration. Entangled with the unspeakable Fall is Secretary of the Navy Denby and his little assistant, Theodore Roosevelt, and more especially Attorney General Daugherty, so badly besmirched and so utterly distrusted that the President has had to relieve the Department of Justice of all responsibility for the criminal aspects of the case. Then there is Secretary Weeks, a noisy militarist, who seems to think it his one mission in life to discourage all peace sentiments and defame all peace lovers—a small man intolerably inflated by conceit of office. As for Secretary Hughes, if anything could be sadder than the decline of this official in public estimate and favor, we do not know what it is. What a spectacle, dear brethren! It reminds us of the caustic satire in Shaw's new play, "Saint Joan"—that it is the best people, so-called, that make all the trouble in this world.

In a recent referendum conducted by the students of Dartmouth College, a curious result was registered on the League of Nations issue. After voting 724 to 202 in favor of America discontinuing her present policy of isolation from European affairs, 854 to 72 in favor of the United States co-operating with Europe for world peace, 611 to 291 in favor of the United States joining the World Court, the students voted 634 to 282 *against* the United States joining the League of Nations. Whether this is a *non sequitur* or not, we do not undertake to say; but it assuredly is an impressive illustration of the state of mind in this country on the League issue. Other votes taken by the Dartmouth students are of equal interest, especially to a pacifist journal like UNITY. Thus, to the question, "Do you believe that the best way to prevent war is to prepare for it," the students answered, yes, 119, no, 811. Asked, "Do you believe that the causes of war are inherent in the present economic system and that therefore fundamental modifications must be made in the economic structure of society before war can be abolished," the students replied, yes, 521, no, 370. Then came the most striking vote of all. Question: "Do you believe that individuals should ever refuse to take part in war?" Answer: yes, 231, no, 681. This is not a majority for radical pacifism, by any means. But when, in a group of college boys, we find one out of every three declaring that there may be times when a man should refuse to obey his country's call to arms, we are content. A new world is in the making, and in this world war is going to be as impossible as cannibalism or infanticide.

We have been reading Winston Churchill's "World Crisis—1915," and finding it as amazingly fascinating a book as his earlier volume on the period from 1911 to 1914. This may seem a strange confession for a pacifist to make, but we are perverse about these things. We like war books, and always have—the Napoleonic literature still enthralls us. Furthermore we see no reason why we should not read what is written by the other fellows, the military men, and very particular reasons why we should. For Winston Churchill's attitude on these matters we have no respect at all; he loves war, glories in it, plays it as a game in which men are only so many pawns—all of which is to us as despicable as it is dangerous! But for Winston Churchill's book on the subject we have not only profound respect but the most enthusiastic admiration. These two "World Crisis" volumes are masterpices of the first order. We unhesitatingly class them among the greatest war books ever written, and unhesitatingly prophesy for them immortality. Furthermore they constitute a complete vindication of Churchill's administration as First Lord of the British Admiralty. This second volume, tells in detail, for example, the story of the Gallipoli tragedy, and shows conclusively that had Churchill's associates had half his efficiency, courage and resource-

fulness, the outstanding tragedy of the war would have been its supreme triumph. We can't see that Churchill's critics have a leg to stand on. But we are referring to these books not in order to laud a man in whom after all we have but an incidental interest, but to bring attention to two details of his history of great importance to pacifists. The first is Churchill's explosion of the myth, so widely exploited by militarists and German haters, that England was unprepared for war in 1914 and therefore, by some peculiar quirk of logic, in no way responsible for what happened. Of nothing is Churchill so proud, and on the basis of his documentary evidence so justly proud, as of the fact that England was perfectly prepared for the conflict with Germany. His whole administration from 1911 on had been directed to this one objective, and when the fateful moment came, there remained only to press a button and flash a message. This same truth, it may be added, is made equally plain by Mr. Asquith in his book just published. On land as well as on sea, every preparation had been completed—so much so that night and day, wherever he went, the King carried an official order ready for his signature to start all the machinery moving. This is history duly recorded by those who know. Yet we have no doubt that the myth of English unpreparedness will long endure.

The second detail of Churchill's book of great interest to us is his testimony as to the complete failure of the war as a struggle for liberty and peace. As frankly as the most unrepentant pacifist, he lays bare the utter futility of the whole wretched business. Speaking in "The World Crisis—1915" of the outcome of the war, he says (pages 1-2):

> No splendid harmony was to crown the wonderful achievements. No prize was to reward the sacrifices of the combatants. Victory was to be bought so dear as to be almost indistinguishable from defeat. It was not to give even security to the victors. There never was to be "The silence following great words of Peace." To the convulsions of the struggle must succeed the important turmoil of the aftermath. Noble hopes, high comradeship and glorious daring were in every nation to lead only to disappointment, disillusion and prostration. The sufferings and impoverishment of peoples might arrest their warfare, the collapse of the defeated might still the cannonade, but their hatreds continue unappeased and their quarrels are still unsettled. *The most complete victory ever gained in arms has failed to solve the European problem or remove the dangers which produced the war.*

This is a statement written several years after the close of the war in history of what has happened. We could match it by countless statements written by pacifists several years before the close of the war in prophecy of what was destined to happen. Our pacifist friends, in other words, were right from the beginning in denouncing the war, in opposing its continuance, in urging an early peace on any terms. Exactly what they foresaw has come to pass. They were the wise men, as well as the brave and righteous men of their time. They stand vindicated, because they based their ideas on immutable moral laws.

There are two publications that come to our table that are to us a never-failing source of joy and inspiration. One is *The Crisis,* the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In every issue, it is true, there is much that makes the heart ache. There is the revelation of "man's inhumanity to man (that) makes countless thousands mourn." The record of a dominant group in any society is never pleasant reading. But here is a journal that faces the facts without blinking. It is good to know that the colored man has a means of letting the world know the truth. But *The Crisis* is more than a record of the wrongs of the colored people. It is a joyful and jubilant proclaimer of the achievements of a people slowly but surely coming up out of the darkness into the light. Here are related not only the successes of colored people in the professions and the arts but also in the plain and humble walks of life. The "stories from life" that appear from month to month of victories under great odds, the short biographies of men and women born under the shadow of slavery who have won out in the battle of life, the recital of many deeds of service, give one a renewed faith in the capacities of the human race. We never pick up a copy of this magazine without eager anticipation and never lay it down without a sense of new power. We remember that Burne-Jones once said that he could never look at a great painting without feeling he too could paint. So we never read *The Crisis* without feeling that we too can do something for the human race. Much the same feeling also attaches to another paper which we see regularly. This is *Orient,* a magazine beautifully printed and illustrated as a medium of interpretation of the culture of the East to the mind of the West. It is the creation, practically single-handed, of an heroic young Indian in this country, Mr. Hari Govil, who is dedicating to this cause the service of an unselfish life. This paper, like *The Crisis,* should have the support of intelligent and enlightened people.

Still they go! What go? Churches in New York! Where do they go? Out of existence! Here is St. Chrysostom's Chapel, a member of Trinity Parish, for example! Built in 1868, this church occupies a valuable site at Seventh Avenue and 39th Street. It is now announced that it is to give way to a great commercial building. Are there no people in that neighborhood any more? Hundreds of thousands of them —men, women and children just like all other men, women and children, swarming the streets, crowding the boarding houses! Is the neighborhood a neglected one? On the contrary, the Metropolitan Opera House is just across the way, Broadway a stone's throw east, Times Square, the heart of the metropolis, three blocks north! Is there no work to be done? *Work!* a live

church planted in this locality could crowd its auditorium to the doors on Sundays, and on the six other days of the week maintain a hive of spiritual industry. This is no theory, for just this type of work is being done with amazing success by a Methodist church, directed on community lines, in the same general neighborhood only a few blocks away. But St. Chrysostom's does not know anything about religion of this type. So, like hundreds of city churches before it, and thousands to come after it, we fear, it passes on and thus abandons its golden opportunity. Or rather, in this case, it surrenders to its golden opportunity—that of putting Mammon in place of God and making money out of a commercially developed property. We are not criticizing or attacking the church authorities here concerned. They are only following the practice of the time. But how this practice reveals the bankruptcy of organized Christianity!

That's a New Idea

In one of the opening scenes of Mr. Shaw's last Chronicle play, "Saint Joan," there is a bit of dialogue which turns upon the nature of the voices which play so great a part in the career of the Maid. The Archbishop is protesting that the young woman is placing too great dependence upon these voices, that they may be merely her imagination. "They are my imagination, that is the way God speaks to me," she declares. To which the Archbishop replies, "That's a new idea."

It's a great thing for a bishop to get hold of a new idea. One of the greatest forces in human civilization is the force of a new idea. It isn't surprising that the Bishop should find difficulty in orienting himself in the face of such novelty; persons who occupy much humbler positions are often put to it quite as severely. Looking at the development of human thought throughout that period during which we have access to fairly definite record it would appear that a new idea is born about once in five hundred years. Mr. Harold Begbie, writing pseudononymously as "The gentleman with the duster," speaks in his last book on "The Seven Ages," of the outstanding ideas which have accompanied mental progress, and of the personalities in whom these ideas have been most conspicuously incarnated.

At the dawn of modern history stands the figure of an old stone cutter, Socrates, who appeals to the individual and challenges him to think for himself; not so much to accept a body of philosophy which somebody else pushed forward as to change the noun to the verb so that "Philosophy" becomes "to philosophize." Then comes Aristotle, the father of method with whom the reorganization of knowledge finds its fruit in the various organizations of human society. Presently the emphasis is changed and whereas the contribution of Aristotle had been that of observation, Jesus, the Nazarene, centers his contribution to the world's thought and action upon the direct revelation of the spirit of God to humanity. In telling the Bishop that God spoke to her through her imagination, Joan was but echoing that principle for which Jesus gave that which to most men is dearer than all else, namely, life itself. Joan, likewise did the same thing. The new idea of St. Augustine was to embody this spirit in some sort of organization to the end that it might be more widely disseminated, and perpetuated through all time. Then when this new idea became corrupted by its association with temporal authority, self interest, mendacity and all the rest, Erasmus, in the fifteenth century, insisted upon getting back to the main issue again. "May not a man be a Christian who cannot explain philosophically how the nativity of the son differs from the possession of the Holy Spirit?" he inquires. To Oliver Cromwell more than to any other man the world owes the idea of political liberty; and to John Wesley the conception that religion is a personal power to the individual soul.

These are some of the contributors to the world's store of ideas, and when you get a new idea you get a new phase of civilization. Something of the sort seems to be happening today. Just what the new idea is to be or who is to be judged its greatest exponent is a matter in which one man's guess may be quite as satisfactory as another's. It ought to be fairly obvious, however, that a lot of things are happening that point inevitably to far-reaching changes in Western civilization. The Labor Party becomes the dominant force in British Parliament. The 20-year-old daughter of a laborer, the father of whom had become Prime Minister of England, visits 10 Downing Street for the first time, and declares, as she prepares to become mistress of the establishment, that "it will do." Obviously Mr. Macdonald's hands are tied as regards the adoption of any domestic reforms of far-reaching character, since the Tories will block any but the most inoffensive measures which he may suggest. But he has wisely enough become his own foreign minister, and one may look forward with considerable confidence to far-reaching changes in the relations between England and the continent of Europe. For one thing the new government will recognize the Soviet government of Russia, if in fact it has not already done so, thereby occupying a position greatly to be desired during the days of Russian reconstruction following the death of the first Soviet Premier, Lenin. Mr. Macdonald is going to insist upon a slashing modification of the Versailles treaty and upon the admission of Russia and Germany into the League of Nations.

Sometimes persons get hold of ideas which they vainly imagine to be new, but which upon examination turn out to be hoary with age. This is pretty much the

case with Mr. Bok's peace plan. The chief difficulty seems to be that nobody associated with the plan seems to have had the courage of his convictions. The spectacle of a great national referendum is one to conjure with. But when you find that if you say "yes" you are for the League, and if you say "no" you are for war, you loose on the peanuts what you make on the bananas, so far as your referendum is concerned. It would greatly have strengthened their position if the forward-looking statement of Mr. Root's, expressing the hope that the first fruit of the plan may be a general prohibition of the manufacture and sale of all materials of war, could have been embodied in the plan itself. But you must have the courage of your convictions to go that far, and also you must not be afraid of what looks like a new idea.

So it is that some things which are happening today bear strong resemblance to the Bishop's authority, while others sound like the voices of Joan. Anyhow it's a good plan to keep one's mind open so that you won't miss it if a new idea does happen to come along.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

We read the New York *Times* first because its news is the most complete and accurate published in any journal in America, and secondly because its editorial page is so incomparably funny. On this latter point, take as an example the following statement printed on January 22nd in an editorial on the British Labor Government:

> Failure would be a blow to the Labor Party from which it might not recover for years. *A measure of success might merely forecast that the larger part of the Labor Party would before long be absorbed by the Liberals.*

UNITY offers a prize of 1,000,000,000,000 German marks for any better instance of hilarious absurdity than this.

With Washington investigating how ex-Secretary Fall got his money and how Mr. Bok spends his money, we find certain compensations in not having any money.

The startling revelation by Secretary Hughes's department that the Bolsheviki, in their attempts to overthrow the United States government have actually carried their propaganda into the world of sport, must explain why the Cincinnati baseball team is called the "Reds." We urge that the members of this team be drawn and quartered without delay.

St. Petersburg — *Petrograd* — LENINGRAD! Thus "the moving finger" writes!

The Little Entente has announced its intention to recognize Soviet Russia. Italy is taking the first steps to this end. England has already appointed its ambassador to Moscow. All this makes a certain man named Hughes look dreadfully silly.

At the burial of Lenin, the coffin was borne to its last resting-place beneath the Kremlin wall by relays of six persons—always two Soviet officials, two workers, and two peasants. What other ruler in all this wide, wide world, would have been so buried? What other ruler in history has ever been so honored?

Russia fills our thoughts! We think especially of Woodrow Wilson's memorable words about "the treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations" being *"the acid test."* The acid test indeed! J. H. H.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the State? We need
The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart;
Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain,
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.
We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

—Edwin Markham.

LINCOLN.

Born to the simple life, son of the soil,
He knew the travail of men's hearts, the toil
That turns the wilderness a fruitful field,
The pioneer's fervid faith, the hopes that yield
The far fulfillment of the prophet's dream.
He trod the dust, yet saw the stars that gleam.
By all that made men weep he was made sad,
In all their love and laughter he was glad.
He was ordained to set the captive free,
Proclaim the day of God and liberty,
To save a world and on his cross apart,
Forgiving all, to bear a broken heart.
Fallen and dead, he is come forth to stand
A living Christ in our wide western land.

—Hugh Robert Orr.

The Conservative Farmer

So recently that the briefest family traditions hold the memory, no civilized home was without its spinning-wheel. One hearth might serve, but often one wheel would not; any spinster in the family was expected to merit her ancient name. From the time when Adam delved and Eve span, the whir of the spinning-wheel had been the sound of home.

When such traditional ways were suddenly obliterated by the steam engine, when the majestic stage-coach became pitiable, the revolution wrought by steam could not be overlooked; it was outstanding, the event of the ages. One did not have to be as capable as Karl Marx and his associates were to foresee that a power that had taken spinning from Eve would take delving from Adam. Marx's "Capital" states that

> In the sphere of agriculture, modern industry has a more revolutionary effect than elsewhere, for this reason, that it annihilates the peasant, that bulwark of the old society, and replaces him by the wage laborer.

W. Liebknecht was sure that the steam plow would

> revolutionize agriculture in the same way as the steam loom and the spinning jenny have already revolutionized industry,—by destroying agriculture on a small scale.

Later developments in agriculture have not in the least accorded with predictions, but the predictions were so confidently made by such high authorities that some who live among books still hold the theory against the facts. The peasant has not been annihilated; not for centuries has he been so potent as today. In eastern Europe he has waited until all things have come to him, whether governments or kingdoms or dictatorships of the proletariat. Small-scale farming flourishes in the decline of urban competition; to the fittest, it gives food when nothing else does. The *Nation* reports that in Austria "industry is paralyzed but agriculture is untouched"; many observers fear that Europe generally is reverting to primitive agriculture. Georg Popoff writes that

> The Russian village and the Russian provincial town are going to ruin in the same way as Moscow and Petrograd—only more thoroughly and tragically. Nothing is left but the peasant.

Except in print, land barons have gone quite out of date; vestigial land barons surviving as junkers of East Prussia, English landlords, or planters of the American cotton belt are not represented anywhere among conspicuous spenders but are sustained insecurely by a hope of selling land. The cotton planters have been persistent; not, however, by any help of machine processes but by access to cheap hand labor. Large-scale production of sugar cane and sugar beets is anemic, in contrast to urban branches of the sugar business; hand labor keeps it going, not machines. The results of large-scale machine production of wheat are not attracting investments. Studies in North Dakota have shown that large-scale production means heavier losses and that farmers who own tractors lose more than farmers without them. Sales of "farm tractors" to farmers are infrequent; buyers are urban industries and the country estates of their owners.

As Professor Seligman says,

> It becomes increasingly profitable to apply more labor and minor machines to small areas rather than large capital and vast machines to great areas. That is, we have a tendency to more intensive rather than large-scale farming.

Dr. Simkhovitch says that statistical data

> have impressed all unprejudiced economists as showing that the farmer who depends upon his family has a distinct advantage over the landowner who has to depend upon hired farm hands.

In substance, then, agricultural prosperity is increasingly determined by the availability of gratuitous labor of women and children employing such minor machines as the hoe. Large-scale farming does not compete successfully with industries that can pay wages for labor; it does not compete for capital to be invested in large-scale machines.

To the limit of the home needs of the farm family, farm products bring retail prices to the producer. The apples eaten in the orchard or brought up in winter from the cellar of the farm home are at least as good as apples that the farmer could not afford to buy if he were a city wage-earner. For the bushel of apples that the farmer tries to sell, he can secure only the wholesale price less all costs and profits of transportation and marketing. Not infrequently the wholesale price does not pay these costs and profits, and the farmer is asked to remit the difference. The situation encourages diversifying and discourages quantity production; it is a surplus, not food consumed on the farm, that imperils a farmer.

Where agriculture competes for labor with other industries, as in America, nearness to those industries gives an advantage in position. If the farmer earns wages in a factory or mine and has an industrious and steady family to conduct his agricultural operations, the chance of avoiding undernourishment in his household is uncommonly good. Wages require an employer, and in the outlying regions of America known as the hinterland employers are not accessible. Taxes and minor embarrassments like salt and overalls occasion difficulties that sale of apples and potatoes will not overcome. The *impasse* leads to reflection; the farmer is said to have too much leisure for thinking.

Until recently, the farmer's thinking was encouraged. Of the conviction that inspired David Lubin to found the International Institute of Agriculture, he wrote in 1912 to his son:

> The decline of the American canservative, the American farmer, the independent, landowning farmer, means the decline of the American Republic; and conversely the conservation of the American conservative, the American landowning farmer, must mean the conservation of the American Republic and of liberal government throughout the world.

Lubin's biographers says,

> He felt that society was living on the crust of a volcano, and this fortified his conviction of the imperious need of strengthening the conservative element in a democracy, the landowning farmer.

Lubin never found cause to doubt the conservatism of farmers, whose situation in his time he well understood.

To what Lubin said in 1912 no one would then have objected except that it was an undisputed thing. The same situation held until the year of his death, 1919. In 1924, his words will not pass without argument or explanation. If the likeness of Magnus Johnson set forth by conservative papers is true, the essentially unanimous rural uprising in support of him is an outstanding event in the chronicles of radicalism. The few of the extreme left, who spurn all compromise, may not unreservedly approve Magnus Johnson, Brookhart and LaFollette in the present stage of their

progress, but such names nowhere suggest conservatism; no more does the word "farmer" any longer suggest conservatism.

Of the French peasants in 1848, Marx wrote:

> What marked their entrance into the revolutionary activity was an expression of clumsy cunning, of rascally *naïveté*, of doltish, sublime and calculated superstition; it was a pathetic burlesque, an anachronism at once the work of genius and stupidity, a harlequinade of greatest historical importance, a hieroglyph undecipherable to a civilized mind;—it marked unmistakably and characterized the one class which represented barbarism in the midst of civilization.

Simkhovitz finds that "the attitude of Marx and of Engels towards the agricultural population was consistently unfriendly." Evidently the agricultural population, consistently unresponsive to radical doctrine, was disappointing. Whatever the explanation, the language now currently employed by radical writers in discussing American farmers is in another tone; it betrays no exasperation or hostility; it is fraternal and cordial. The annoyance that now comes to expression is on the part of conservatives who disapprove farmers and the agitators and demagogues that mislead them.

The situation, like other details in history, is not without remote origins. The narrative of Solon I. Buck dates "The Agrarian Crusade" from the rise of the Grange in the eighteen-sixties. Others more curious find embattled and rebellious farmers along all the way back to Cain. The proposal to establish public schools in America was denounced as agrarianism, and a Tory paper called our founding fathers "mechanics and country clowns." Nevertheless it appears that the dominant tendency of country folk has been to hold fast what was good, to respect ancient landmarks. Familiar instances are recorded in the words "heathen" and "pagan"; the heath and village men have been the last to leave old faiths for new. From the beginnings of socialism down almost until now, the peasant has clung to any lease or title that was his as tenaciously as the junker to his estates. The extinction of junkerism and the assimilation of farmers and workmen seem on the whole a new thing, manifest notably since the World War.

Changes of the kind are now commonly expected to betray some relationship to economic changes. Economists are aware that a reason why machines have not done all that was expected of them may be that, with the passing of competitive business, machines have lost control of the situation, that they themselves and much else have been subdued to business interests. Maximum production at minimum expense, the way of farmers who consistently strive for bumper crops, may have become poor business; profits, the aim and measure of business, may now come rather of controlling output and thereby controlling prices than of bumper crops sold for what they bring.

Marketing is a business matter; a marketable surplus is not rewarding except as the market determines. Neither co-operation nor government action has yet put marketing in the farmers' hands. Even Danish farmers, who diminish competition with each other in marketing, are in free competition in the world market with the farmers of the world. Farmers do not control their prices or their output, and the sale of farm implements disappoints the most reasonable calculations.

Farmers, it is said, should organize and should collect from consumers what the traffic will bear instead of leaving business to others. The reason why farmers do not organize is said to be their individualism; but from Washington to Coolidge American history suggests that farmers and farmers' sons organize well enough when away from farms. Marx gave another explanation. He held that farmers cannot organize successfully because of their "dispersion over a great space." For this reason and not because of individualism, labor unions do not try to organize rural mechanics. The measure of success attained by Danish farm organizations is explained in part by the relative compactness of Danish agriculture; nearly half the farms are under six acres and many of the farmers are wage-earners in other industries. The farmers' incapacity to organize seems not racial. The Negroes were not effectively organized when they grew cotton; in the cities, they are tending to lose their individualism.

Formerly ownership of farm land apparently gave one a monopolistic right to exploit that land by the use of labor and machines. Ownership of more land would permit the use of larger machines, making exploitation more economical and more profitable. The land would inevitably pass into the hands of the larger owners who would own the machines also. Such laborers as the process left on the land would be wage-earners situated precisely as wage-earners in factories were.

The earlier implements of the machine era were seldom too large for farmers in general to own; opportunity to try out larger machines against smaller was limited. Marketing and prices were local matters in which the farmer was not impotent; prices varied notably from place to place; people choosing homes considered whether farm products in a neighborhood were cheap or dear. More or less, the farmer met the manufacturer and the merchant on even terms and tended to see things as they saw them. The independent farmer who owned or leased land, employed labor and put his price on his output was himself a manufacturer and business man. The farm laborer was not sufficiently remote from the small farmer to feel himself a member of a class hostile to his employer. The whole rural population remained conservative.

Organization of business to the efficiency requisite to control output and prices is in America an achievement so recent as to lie wholly within the lives of men yet living. Before that achievement, business was a matter of competitive production and marketing, and farming was a business. The nature of business has changed, and farming has not proved its competence to meet the new requirement of effective organization. It may or may not prove competent; the question is still debatable. The Southern farmers, Negro and white, are not putting faith in what conservatives call "agrarian panaceas." Race makes a part of the exodus from the South recognizable and conspicuous, but similar exodus is in progress from farming regions generally in remarkably uniform degree. The farmers still remaining who take up one co-operative project after another and who hope for such legislative bounties as organized businesses secure are the optimists. The pessimistic farmers, the left-wing radicals, have removed to industrial centres or are in readiness to go whenever optimists appear who will buy their farms. Procrastination terminates when the farmer concludes that no buyer will come.

American farming has been inspired by high hopes as the stone walls and stumped hillsides of many an abandoned farm witness. The labor was not immediately lucrative, but it was endowing landed families as the prowess of the Normans had. With G. A. Warren of Cornell University the editor of *Wallace's Farmer* recently motored through the hill country of New York, a region of some 15,000,000 acres.

> Scarcely a house showed signs of paint in the past twenty or thirty years. Roughly, a fourth of the houses were vacant. When a house burns down, it is almost never rebuilt; the people either move to town or go some place else to farm. Their land is joined onto the next farm. Most of the land is in weedy timothy, which will yield about three-fourths of a ton per acre. The soil is too acid for much clover, and the cost of hauling lime over the hills is prohibitive. A few acres are put in potatoes and buckwheat. Three or four cows are kept. To do more than maintain existence, the farmer must find outside work.

In a later number of the same paper an editorial tells that

> Low prices for farm products are forcing land out of cultivation not only in such states as New York, Kansas, Nebraska, etc., but also in Iowa. In parts of the more rolling sections of southern Iowa, a number of farm houses have been abandoned and the cultivated land has been put down to grass, and more cattle and fewer hogs are raised. The net result is a smaller amount of food produced per acre, and a decidedly smaller requirement of farm labor per acre.

The farmer whose house burns can not afford a new house. If he had the money or could borrow it, he would prefer to spend it for transportation. Nobody else will build a house on the farm; nobody can use the farm except a neighbor whose farm adjoins. Possibly the neighbor buys the farm; such a transaction is regularly on a long-term credit basis. To remote theorists, it is an instance of a land baron dispossessing a small farmer; but the parties directly concerned are not conscious of a distinction. If no neighbor will buy, one may rent; the nation thus numbers another absentee landlord. If the landlord finds no tenant, the state acquires the land, commonly after a period during which, in hopes of some buyer, the landlord pays taxes. The political tendency in the neighborhood, like the economic tendency, is toward standardization. In Minnesota, landlords, tenants, independent farmers and hired men supported Magnus Johnson; he himself owns a hundred and forty acres, conventionally mortgaged, and is tenant of twenty acres. Statistics recently compiled show that "nearly one-third of the rented farms in Iowa are operated by the sons of the farmers who own them"; sometimes the boy will stay on the farm when his father is superannuated. Tenancy is increasing because buyers are coy, but economic contrasts in many areas are not such as to preclude political harmony after the primaries.

Another of our devastated regions, the "rich, fertile farm land" of the South, has been inspected by a correspondent of the New York *World* who writes:

> One may travel miles and miles with only abandoned plantations to command attention, and not a human being to ruffle the oppressive silence save the occasional approach of a traveller.

Strained racial relations have something to do with this. They have nothing to do with the fact that the Negroes who have gone north are not farming or with the other fact that their places in the South remain unfilled. In growing cotton or in growing anything else, plantation owners cannot compete with wages paid in cotton mills or other organized industries. For small-scale, diversified farming their land is not advantageously situated, and the supply of small-scale farms near cities exceeds the demand.

The farmer feels that a toll-gate, adjusted roughly to what the traffic coming and going will bear, has got between him and his market. A toll-gate of the kind, its operation perfected by degrees in accordance with one increasing purpose, might bring the farmer to reason in the disposal of his output and might ultimately reverse an ancient tendency to unearned increment in the value of farm land. The legend of such an increment has had a part in inspiring rural endeavors. A reversal of tendency to unearned increment corresponds roughly to the time when farmers lost their standing as conservatives. From 1850 to 1920, the "unearned increment" on American farm land was equivalent to compound interest at the rate of 2.65 per cent per annum on the 1850 valuation. Until 1920, Iowans boasted, on the whole truthfully, that "No man ever lost money in Iowa farm land"; the boast will never be made again. The labor that went into subduing raw land has no doubt contributed to national well-being, but private fortunes typically are not based on labors of this kind. Hope of unearned or other increment from farm land has grown impotent with the rising generation.

Conspicuous profits from farming would seem a reflection on the efficiency of organized business. Farm rents cannot in the long run stay above the profits of farming; the landed proprietor has quite lost his high and ancient place in good or polite society. His taxes not infrequently encroach on his earnings after his rents are applied toward paying them. Upkeep is limited and on a short-time basis. Replacement of used soil fertility is not to be thought of; farm budgets including the item would be unacceptable. Unearned increment on unorganized farm land would be another discredit to business efficiency; it would mean negligence. The late abnormal and abortive tendency to acceleration of unearned increment has been keenly and persistently resented. Whether the farmer sells his product or makes a purchase, he is told the price. In a sense, possibly in more than a sense, he is put out of business. His allegiances are shaken, as is his faith in possession and use of real property.

In 1917 Thorstein Veblen wrote that

> "The Independent Farmer" once was independent, in a meager and toil-worn fashion, in the days before the price-system had brought him and all his works into the compass of the market; but that was some time ago. He now works for the market, ordinarily at something like what is called a "living wage," provided he has "independent means" enough to enable him by steady application to earn a living wage; and of course, the market being controlled by the paramount investment interests in the background, his work, in effect, inures to their benefit; except so much as may seem necessary to allow him as incentive to go on.
>
> In pecuniary effect, the ordinary American farmer, who legally owns a moderate farm of the common sort, belongs among those who work for a livelihood; such a livelihood as the investment interests find it worth while to allow him under the rule of what the traffic will bear; but in point of sentiment and class consciousness he clings to a belated stand on the side of those who draw a profit from his work.

Increasingly the farmer grew aware that something had happened to the market in which he bought and sold; he was not on the inside and others were. But to hold him in the faith there was always his land; he was a capitalist because he owned it, and "No man ever lost money in Iowa farm land." George W. Russell says in the Irish *Homestead*, "So long as labor

talks about nationalization of land, it has all the farmers against it." The detail is decisive; if farmers conclude that farm land is not a desirable possession, if they lose faith in an unearned increment generally disapproved, their conviction that they are recipients of stock dividends and are at odds with labor grows insecure; farming itself needs a new motive. Farmers now seem to wonder whether the "capitalized estimate of future profits" from ownership of farm land may not have gone where the capitalized estimate of future profits from crops has gone. The country doctor might serve as another symbol of the same migration. The farmer is in the rear, as usual; but the cotton crop and the seeding of fall wheat (some millions of acres less than for the crop harvested last year) indicate that he is following.

As labor develops other interests, it tends to persuade farmers less frequently that they are capitalists. Russia has gained notably by relegating its nationalization of farm land to abeyance, as the king of England holds his rights by not asserting them. Possession of the Holy Sepulchre was something to fight for once, but with valorous men the point of honor now is Oil. Business efficiency is solving the farm land problem by transferring ownership to the states, which so are given opportunity to convert the gains of exploitation and unearned increment to the common good.

An editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post* says that

> Agriculture is a business and must be run on business principles. If it is not a business but a social function, then it should be supported by society. Since we regard it as a business, we must accord to the farmer the recourse to business methods that are characteristic of other lines of production. The farmer needs neither government control nor charity; he needs business.

To need is not necessarily to obtain, as famine-stricken Europe knows. Like civilizations of the past, our civilization has come to its agrarian problem; Russia, Austria, Germany, "a round score of European states" now solve it in the ancient way, the crumbling of cities.

Relationship between prices of farm products and such products of organized business as clothing and bread is remote. If farmers could organize as a business and participate in the spread, the ultimate consumer would be no worse off than now, still paying as a rule no more than the traffic will bear; but effective organization of farmers is not anticipated. Attempts of farmers to hold their wheat do not check declines in the price. Without effective entrance into the nation's business system, agriculture proves uninspiring; marginal lands along the line vigorously grow in. The wilderness wins back; the exodus from American farms to cities has become the greatest migration in history. While skilled and industrious Germany drifts on in famine, a surplus of wheat symbolizes the disaster that drives millions of Americans from their farms. We shape materials for some epic, pastoral, ballad or pæan to follow our "Winning of the West."

Philadelphia, Pa. C. F. Ansley.

Father Alexander Giesswein

There died on November 15th last, at the age of 67 years, in the city of Budapest, one of the finest, truest characters in Hungary, a man well known all over Europe and America for his International spirit, his love of International Peace, his desire to seek fellowship with the various religious communities—Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist, etc.—in the bonds of brotherhood. His was an ardent patriotism which sought to help the present distressed Hungary to overcome the apathy left there, as in so many lands after the War, and to revive the old native zeal for progress, liberty and freedom.

He was a Canon of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Györ, a large manufacturing town in Hungary; a member of the Hungarian Parliament to the very time of his death; a scholar who knew many foreign languages, wrote several books on philosophy, philology and the peace movement; the first president of the La Fontaine Society in Budapest for the study and promotion of native and foreign literature; an active member of the English-French Club in Budapest, a supporter of the Woman's Movement, the Peace Society, and in fact was one of those rare souls who was ready to suffer for his opinions while ever tolerant and kind to his critics and opponents.

While he had many political enemies and differed in thought from many of his countrymen in present-day Hungary, yet every one admired him for his outspokenness, his sincerity of purpose and his deeply religious nature which revealed itself so often in noble and lofty action for the common good.

He was well known in England during the past few years for his advocacy of the cause of peace. In the summer of 1922 he spoke from one of the platforms in Hyde Park at the No More War Demonstration. In October of 1923 he attended a Roman Catholic Conference at Reading, and returned home full of enthusiasm for English thought and outlook and delighted with the kindly welcome he had everywhere received. He did very much to promote friendship between Hungary and England and the United States.

Only three days before his death I visited him and he discussed the English social, political and religious life and in his kindly way offered to render a very peculiar help to a suffering priest I was interested in. The news of his death came quite unexpectedly in Hungary and brought great sorrow to his many friends here.

At his funeral service short addresses of appreciation were given by men and women of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths and by members of Conservative, Liberal and Socialist parties.

One hears and reads much about anti-Semitism in Central and Eastern Europe, but this reverend soul sought ever to break down prejudices and it is an interesting fact that the Jewish Community in Budapest held a memorial meeting to mark their loss, respect and reverence for this Hungarian Brother. He has left a wish that over his grave shall be placed a small monument—a copy of that great Peace Memorial—the statue of "The Christ of the Andes"—which was erected to preserve peace between two adjoining lands and nations. Underneath the statue on his grave were to be engraved the words *"Pax vobis."*

Canon Giesswein was a true laborer in the cause of peace and his principles never once failed him during the years since 1914.

He hated none—but his great heart poured out love

for all, especially the poor, the oppressed, the persecuted.

His death is a great loss to Hungary, for he was one of those who carried his country's finest spirit and characteristics, noblest thoughts and feelings out into other lands, thus revealing the old Hungarian ideals of liberty, freedom and truth.

Men and women of all shades of thought and opinion, of all classes of the community realize their loss for here was a man in whom the Christ-spirit shone out in all its fulness. While he was an ardent Hungarian patriot, a devout Roman Catholic and a zealous Liberal politician, he was also one who showed friendship to all nationalities, to all creeds, and to all political parties. It is such men who enrich this world by their lives, who leave us an inheritance when they pass on into the higher life, the example of sincerity and noblemindedness.

Amid war or strife, unrest or revenge, they encourage the lovers of progress to hold fast to the ideal, and who in the quiet hours of meditation make it possible for trusting human hearts to hear the angels' song which heralded in the birth of the Christ-child, "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men."

Budapest, Hungary. FREDERICK HANKINSON

THE STUDY TABLE

Astute Observations in American Politics

Perhaps in the latter half of the nineteenth century it was not so difficult, as it now seems to be, for a citizen of these United States to produce offspring that in later years become an honor to the family name. Be this as it may, I cannot but feel that no small amount of credit is due to the Reverend Nathaniel Herrick Griffin of Williamstown, Massachusetts, for having given to America three sons of true nobility: Henry Lyman, prominent Congregational minister who studied at the Universities of Berlin, Leipzig, Marburg, and Oxford, and who as a New England pastor and as lecturer on Comparative Religion at Bangor Theological Seminary was, until his death in 1917, an influential American divine; Edward Herrick, graduate of Union Theological Seminary, and for twenty-five years (now retired) professor of philosophy and dean at Johns Hopkins; and Solomon Bulkley, who from 1878 to 1919 served as managing editor for that nationally known journalistic institution, the Springfield *Republican,* and who, in the mellowed light of dispassionateness which three score and ten inevitably creates, now contributes to American letters his fascinating volume, "People and Politics," * a volume of astute personal observations on our national political life from President Hayes to Harding, and on the State politics of Massachusetts from the governorship of John A. Andrew to that of Calvin Coolidge.

Rather unfortunately, in the opinion of this reviewer, Mr. Griffin has devoted the first one hundred and twenty-four pages of his work to a biographical sketch of his early life in Springfield, and his activities as a reporter on the staff of the *Republican.* This sketch which covers Part I of the book and which is entitled "Pictures of New England Life," is an attempt, seemingly, to represent, from a youth's point of view, a Springfield reporter's life in the seventies, as that life sought to adjust itself to the one object of its supreme devotion—the *Republican.* Delightfully or irritatingly —all dependent upon the reader's ability to appreciate such a point of view—puerile is Mr. Griffin's hero-worship for Samuel Bowles the elder, owner of the *Republican* when the author began his apprenticeship, and whose only non-angelic characteristic seems to have been a sin of omission—he failed "to commend work well done." Such a narrative, adapted to the psychology of youth, is not void of interest, especially for those acquainted with Springeld and its environs; yet the humorous incidents which its writer includes are painfully needed as a cloak with which to shadow a multitude of uninteresting personalities and trivial occurrences. An example of these humorous incidents may be taken from the chapter on "Life in My First Boarding House," wherein Mr. Griffin, after telling how he and his roommate, returning from their newspaper work at 3 A. M. during the cold winter mornings, used to stop at the courthouse building, then in the process of construction, to gather up pieces of wood for their little stove, in order that they might eat their "two sandwiches per man, and one small piece of pie" in comfort, concludes his paragraph with:

> But the miracle of increasing ashes in the stove bothered Mrs. V. She became so obviously troubled about something that we inquired into the cause. "I don't like to speak of it, gentlemen," she responded, "but I do hope you are not burning my wood!" She was assured that our particular friends, the county commissioners, had urged us, as a favor to the county, to make use of any chips we found about the building they were rearing for the ampler administration of justice. The explanation was good for an extra helping of prunes that night. Incidentally not even the finest of California prunes make any appeal to me now.

In the second part of the book, entitled "Glimpses of State and National Politics," the true Solomon Bulkley Griffin appears. As one reads through these chapters, the contents of which are as much a delight to the mind as their typography is pleasing to the eye, he feels, with constantly increasing forcefulness, the contact of a man thoroughly schooled in the intricacies of government; yet a man who has not, with increased age and experience, lost his religious ardor for justice and efficiency, for nobility in statecraft. And it is just this spirit of righteousness, this innate urge toward political reform which gives to the chapters in this section of the author's book their intrinsic worth, for unlike so many liberals who criticize our Government, Mr. Griffin is sufficiently enlightened on the great game of politics to know what is, and what is not possible; hence in evaluating a character he takes careful cognizance of what the individual tried to do, as well as what he actually accomplished. The author's treatment of President Arthur's administration affords an excellent illustration of this ability to see the difference between "uplift" theories, and the practical, exceedingly difficult task of putting those theories into operation. It is just this combining of idealism with a thorough understanding of conditions as they actually exist, which enables Mr. Griffin to close his chapter on President Arthur with the words: "Within the limitations created for him, and which he accepted, he (was) an efficient president . . . and history will respect the record he made."

* "People and Politics," by Solomon Bulkley Griffin. Little, Brown, and Company. 1923. 510 pp.

"People and Politics" reveals the author as one who did not hesitate to vote for the man he thought best qualified for office, regardless of party affiliation, and this in an age when party loyalty was considered a virtue. Thus when the older Bowles voted for Hayes, the son and Mr. Griffin voted for Tilden, the Democratic candidate. Even more forcefully is the author's fidelity to sterling character brought out in his praise of Governor George D. Robinson whose "stamp of genuiness . . . breadth of appeal and candor were in striking contrast to the inaccuracies, bombast and inconsiderateness of his opponent"—Benjamin F. Butler.

Although Mr. Griffin has none of the elder Bowles' failing "to commend work well done," his writing shows no lack of poignant criticism. Roosevelt is described as one who was "self-centered to an extreme. About his personality in thought he saw the world revolve." In reference to the Panama Canal payment controversy, the author says of this President of whom "no monarch of history was more certain that his rule was right," that

> the whole brisk process constituted a cavalier proceeding for the circumvention of an obstreperous weak power . . . That our government has since paid money to Colombia to salve the past does not make our record satisfactory, even though there is a measure of comfort in the fact when contemplating the wonderful construction that links the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Thus we find in the latter part of this delightful volume, history in its most fascinating form, an evaluation of personalities and issues which have prominently figured in our national life from the administration of President Hayes to that of Harding, and in the political life of Massachusetts, a correspondingly able survey of the governors and their administrations from John A. Andrew to Calvin Coolidge—all intricately interwoven with narratives of the personal contacts which Mr. Griffin, through his influential position as editor of a great daily, had with these public characters and these stirring events. No higher praise of Part II of this work by the distinguished editor need be given than to say that it is the crowning product of a noble character who has drunk deeply of the "fullness of life," and who, from that fullness has, with untiring zeal, contributed toward the realization within America of a Christian democracy.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

CORRESPONDENCE

LETTERS FROM GERMANY

I.[1]

Dear ——

Many thanks for your books. They all arrived here safely before my return. The home journey was hard work. In Germany alone I was 22-23 hours in the train. The present situation is incredibly serious. At Emmerich on the Rhine, the schools were shut last week because the parents had no bread for their children.

From Gieszen to Frankfurt the train filled up with poor women who were carrying potatoes in their sacks. These were my first impressions of Germany where now there is just one anxiety, one's daily bread.

. . . What is going to happen to our poor little children? Infant mortality is on the increase. Only pale faces! Seldom does one see one with any color! We are living here in a nation of ghosts, of agonizing and embittered people; just a cry for bread—forgive me if I write disjointedly. Once again we are looking for help to America and England; for corn and credit which perhaps they may send us.

Some are consumed with bitter flame of hatred towards France. In our town here the Melkghe factory has been occupied and the circle of frontier posts brought nearer the town. During the last two days people in the neighboring villages have been arrested and transported to Mainz because they took action against the Separatists. Armed men broke into Pastor Grain's house in the night and struck him badly in his bedroom. . . . I have heard that others have been arrested this morning. This is just a quarter of an hour from here! In England you know nothing about such things.

And here people are dying of hunger one after the other, or their hearts are so weakened through anxiety and deprivation that they just die of heart failure. Forgive me, please—forgive the agonized way I am writing. I am fighting against bitterness and against hatred and I want to keep a pure heart. But it is difficult to see the poor little children and the whole degradation of my country which now looks just like a slave, is starving and going down to destruction with but one hope left, that even now somewhere or other in the world a heart will show itself, will take pity on it and just give it one thing—its share of daily bread.

In the train, as I sat there in the crowd, I could smell the damp of the men's and women's clothing; they had been wandering around for hours with their sacks—they were coughing badly and were bitterly cold. A little milk was upset by the shaking of the train—the man complained because of the dreadful price. A starved dog greedily snatched a piece of bread away from a man. As I sat there among them and remembered all your comfortable and "care-free" life, I grew desperate and asked God if He would not make this poverty easier and lighter to bear through blessing me with a comforted and quieted heart.

II.[2]

I am sure that this movement, even if it cannot greatly change the situation, will be a good step forward to that world where service and sacrifice are the natural utterances of souls who have gone through the depth of human suffering and therefore can understand, forgive, bless. Of course I believe that this world, as long as the time is in existence, will always be a world of spirit, visioned by few, not wholly achieved by any, but I am sure that this spiritual world is the contact between the eternal and all the rest and the life will come to all.

I need not tell you about the political and economic tragedy of a dying nation, of the growing despair. You know this all. I know you and your friends will do all in your power to save what can be saved. I feel very near to you, to your spirit, to your fellowship. It is probable that I am living here rather in the storm center of Europe. It is true that the last months took away almost all of the few who still believed in reconciliation; partly they went away from this place, partly they fell into bitterness and despair. I am, notwithstanding much personal friendship, rather solitary here. But I feel more than ever that I am bound to strict obedience to no man but only to conscience. Then I feel God's help, and then I am glad and thankful about all that may come. They can only take the body. I pray for humility, for love, for service, and I am waiting for the day when I can put in my whole life and time, as a child waits for the Christmas tree; and I ask you to think of me that I may be faithful. . . . One does not know what will happen the next weeks. There is no place for optimism but enough for courage, and if we do our little things, surely God will do His great work.

[1] Letters written (October 31, 1923) by German students to two professors in Birmingham, England, by whom they had been entertained for several weeks.

[2] Letter written from Munich, November, 1923, in response to a letter telling of efforts being made in England to promote a better international spirit.

A PLEA FOR KINDLY JUDGMENT OF THE JAPANESE

Editor of UNITY:

Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to your correspondent, Mrs. Apcar's, account of the earthquake in Japan, in which she compares the killing of Koreans with the terrible massacre of Amritsar in my country, when in the space of ten minutes General Dyer ordered fired 1,650 rounds of ammunition, causing the death of more than 1,500 people (this according to official British figures; the Indian figures are much higher).

This allusion to the Indian massacre was obviously for the purpose of discrediting the Japanese people, as was Mrs. Apcar's further statement that most of the "foreigners" were

shocked. I am in a position to state that the Japanese, too, were shocked, and that even under the circumstances of an earthquake and its attendant horrors some of the rioters were immediately put to death by the authorities.

In the first panic, after the worst earthquake in their lifetime, the word got around that Koreans were setting fires. This was natural, as their experience had furnished nothing of the sort of disaster this one proved to be. There are excitable persons in every community. These started to kill—not alone Koreans, but many of their own people who chanced to resemble Koreans. (This shows their distraught state of mind.) Naturally a mob was the result—a mob that no more represents the Japanese people than lynchers of Negroes in isolated spots in this country can be said to represent the American people. I have no figures of these killings—neither has Mrs. Apcar. The circumstances preclude any,—but the comparison with Amritsar is absurd. The sweep of the flames and the rapid destruction of the city made impossible anything of the sort.

All accounts of the earthquake that I have been able to get—and they come from the pens of Americans and Indians—corroborate the reports of the Japanese relative to the actions of these mobs. All reports, it should be said, speak in the highest terms of the self-possession, the honesty, the kindness and the courage of the people as a whole. Many stories of splendid heroism are on record—and the consideration shown to foreigners was especially to be noted. There was self-restraint on all sides—remarkable self-restraint. Several writers said that they saw nothing but what was creditable to the Japanese. One spoke of "the marvelous poise of the population."

There is misrepresentation enough of these people abroad in this country, without adding to it at a time when decency would dictate some consideration. The Japanese need not be Christians in order to possess fine qualities. All Christians do not walk in the footsteps of their great leader simply because they are Christians. Mrs. Apcar's spirit is to be deplored, and her words of unkindness and half-truth forgotten. Her reference to the Turks is quite as unfortunate as what she had to say of the Japanese. The unity that the world needs cannot be brought about, by pushing down of other peoples, thus artificially to raise one's own. No people are all good, nor all bad; no religionists either wholly to be blessed or cursed.

"Orient," New York. HARI G. GOVIL.

THE UNITED STATES IN HAITI

Dear Mr. Holmes:

. . . I beg to include the following "mental snapshots" taken during the trip (to the essential correctness of which I am willing to swear):

December 14th, Port-au-Prince, Capital of Haiti.

Saturday night. A Negro (Creole) dance-hall in the center of the city—"Monte Carlo Bar." Heavy drinking, and dancing with black prostitutes, in full view of a staring crowd of poor on the sidewalk, about 40 marines, enlisted men looking like 17 year-old kids and with them a few bald-headed noncoms. And—in one corner of the same room 9 United States Army officers and gentlemen in full uniform (paid guardians of American Laws among an "inferior" race) drinking, arguing and shouting with laughter; one of them, a white-clad naval officer with eagle-ornamented helmet staggering around the dance floor in the arms of a pitiful ugly, heated, emaciated Negress . . . A limp, whitefaced boy, unconscious from alcohol-poisoning, is carried out to a cab by his "leather neck" . . . buddies.

Same night. A clean, quiet, native restaurant.

An American officer, fairly sober, enters the place, glances over the clientele with a poisonously arrogant, provocative sneer, goes towards the rear of the hall in leisurely stroll between the tables, and returns, ostentatiously buttoning up his clothing while walking towards the exit. Near the door he stops behind the chair of a native girl, sitting there with an escort, and deliberately tears open the bow of white silk which holds her kinky tresses,—sneers sheepishly, and struts out among a deadly silence. A Hearst or Lorimer reporter would have called the faces of the assembled Negroes expressionless, but I saw, and you, dear Master, would have seen: how the crimes of Roman and Hun and medieval Spaniard and last century's Briton are perpetrated now under the sway of perverted Lincolnian democracy . . . superior intelligence being used exclusively for an irresistibly efficient exploitation of the weak.

Later in the same night:

A Haitian military-police, native, in the uniform of a U. S. Marine, stops me in the street to ask for a piece of change.

Literally dozens of prostitutes accosting me in the street.

The white-haired old Negro-cabby who takes me back to the pier laughs hysterically for several minutes when I ask him in French about their electoral system; he still owes me a more articulate, if less illuminating answer.

Even the casual tourist can see within half an hour that the Creole inhabitants of Haiti, i. e. the common people in the streets, are just children, without a trace of real meanness in their makeup; excitable through the French blood in their veins; also lazy, as anybody born from parents who were slaves in a tropical climate,—but they are without exception clad in *well-laundered* rags—and, I think for that alone they must surely be appreciative of kind teachings about a better mode of life,—if they were only taught by men whom they could instinctively respect, if not like.

I bought a copy of their (French) daily of December 14th and found (like the suppressed whimper of a maltreated child) the following passages:

"We read in the New York *Times* of December 6th that Coolidge is going to send experts (. . . !) to Haiti, following the advice of Senator McCormick . . . who was chairman of the commission investigating Haitian conditions one and one half years ago. . . The Senator has said: There are marvellous possibilities for agriculture . . . unutilized as yet for lack of proper investigation . . . President Harding during the 1920 campaign condemned the Democratic Policy . . . but nothing has been done . . . although he proposed reformation of the civil courts, the abolition of martial law, and the improvement of Haitian agriculture . . . All Haiti is still, after 8 years of occupation, under military or martial law, although the debt has been funded. . . ."

December 18th, Aux Cayes, Haiti.

A softly-rounded bay, where the dark blue waters of the Caribbean wash up in glittering white foam against a palm-fringed beach. White houses half-hidden in banana groves . . . Our good ship is taking on 3,000 bags of green coffee for Amsterdam, so we have time to be rowed ashore and to wander through the dozing, grass-grown streets . . . of paradise. And then:

A sudden raucous, nerve-shattering sound from an automobile horn, and tearing round the corner comes a military machine, with its lone driver staring straight over the wheel,—cork helmet and Sam Browne belt;—the proud steeds of antique conquerors replaced by rattling Fords and fuming Buicks . . .

There is a "Poste de Gendarmerie" in each village where the sturdiest of the country's youth are taught by American officers to lord it over their compatriots, loitering around in the glamour of otherwise unattainable pistol and sheath-knife.

And in juxta-position to the above picture please put the following:

A chattering sound as from a chicken yard: children's voices. A high, whitewashed wall. An open portal: and I see two hundred little Negro girls at play, in snow-white starchy frocks, with colored girdles according to their age, singing and dancing, full of joy as nobody else in the town. And far in the background as a solicitous guardian of innocence, the good Catholic sister in charge of the play-hour; yes, when she gets sight of the loiterers at the door she comes anxiously running toward us! We must not stand there . . .

It is true, the priest's house is the biggest and best repaired in town; and one has to suppress a strange impulse of antipathy when later on one sees the black-robed figure, wearing a white cork helmet, walking quickly down the street, with prayer book held before downcast eyes; but I am sold to the Catholic church, for good; they may make a lot of money, perhaps incredibly much money; but they do not use rifle and bayonet to sustain themselves, because, even if they do not live up to Christ's precepts of voluntary poverty, they at least practice the Golden Rule of give—and—take . . . compromising between the spirit and the flesh.

And then, just before my final departure from Haiti, land of tears and sunshine, I was permitted the strangest of all revelations:

A darkly-shuttered room on the second floor of the police barracks; rifles in one corner, a Negro typist at work, a broad, American office desk in the middle; the young leanfaced commander of Anglo-Saxon features and name looking up from his writing to give his German visitor the desired commercial information,—the proffered cigarette and the two-hour conversation—the opening of mind and heart of a gentleman in voluntary exile, in the service of his profession and his country—the feverishly hurried discussion of war, past and to

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE FRIDAY MORNING FORUM.

Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Corner Langley Avenue.

Feb. 8—UPTON CLOSE: JOSEF WASHINGTON HALL.

Recent Impressions of China.

The adventures and researches of Josef W. Hall took him into fourteen provinces of China, Mongolia, Manchuria and Siberia. During the Japanese penetration of Shantung, Mr. Hall found it prudent to write under pseudonyms, and most of his writings since have appeared under the name of Upton Close. He has made a study, both from real life and documents, of the institutions, political evolution and psychology of the Chinese.

Feb. 15—PAUL H. DOUGLAS, Associate Professor of Industrial Relations, University of Chicago.

A New Basis for Paying Minimum Wages.

Professor Douglas is at work on a book dealing with the subject of this lecture and is also the auhor of "American Apprenticeship and Industrial Education" as well as joint author of "What a Man Can Afford," "The Workers in Modern Economic Society," "The Trend of Economics" and "The History of Political Theory Since Herbert Spencer."

Feb. 22—FRANCIS NEILSON.

The New Testament and the Man in the Street.

Author, dramatist, lecturer on economics and art, at one time member of the English Parliament. Among Mr. Neilson's publications are, "How Diplomats Make War," "A Strong Man's House," "The Old Freedom," etc. He is now editor of *The Freeman* and UNITY.

Feb. 29—MERLE COULTER, Assistant Professor of Plant Genetics, University of Chicago.

Heredity and Evolution in Man.

One time Assistant in Biology, Williams College. Member Department of Biology, University of Chicago, since 1917. Co-author with his father, Professor John M. Coulter, of a text entitled "Plant Genetics," also author of "Outline of Genetics." In charge of the beginning courses in Botany and a popular course in Evolution, Heredity and Eugenics and an advanced course in Genetics.

AN APPEAL FROM GERMANY.

Dear Sir:

We, as representatives of a small group of men inspired by the firm will to break, with the weapons of reason, the power of unreasonable selfishness in the European politics of today, beg to call your attention to our aims; and, if our reasonings and purposes touch a chord in your own heart, we hope you will help us to realize our intentions.

The two chief points of our program are:

1. The abolition of incentives to war between the nations.

2. The reconstruction of the finances of Europe.

As to the bases on which we hope to realize these purposes the following lines will give an explanation.

All the conditions of the world's life have been so completely changed by the war, that the principles of politics must also be changed. The consideration of political problems from pre-war points of view must needs lead to wrong conclusions and fatal decisions. The only reasonable way left for European politics after the terrible devastations of the war is the collaboration of the nations for their common needs. Without such collaboration and a sincere will on the part of the nations to work together entirely free from all selfish individual aims, a new war crisis, which may lead to the complete ruin of civilization, is unavoidable.

In accordance with this view, our first aim and the only basis on which we may hope to solve the two chief problems mentioned, is the union, economical and political, of the nations of Europe: in the first place, of *France and Germany.*

The lines on which we propose to work for this aim in Germany as well as in France are shown in a program enclosed, to which we beg to call your attention. Besides this program we have elaborated the outlines for the solution of two special German problems essential for our general purposes: the reconstruction of German finances and the reformation of the political teaching in German schools, which seems to us to be one of the most important factors for bringing about peace in Europe. If you have an interest in knowing our views on these subjects, we will send you the programs as soon as they are printed.

The chief thing we need for the realization of our purposes is money. Our political adversaries in Germany and abroad have enormous funds at their disposal. The German militarist party is provided with money by our great industrials, who own also almost the whole of the press in Germany (even such papers as pretend to be republican and socialistic), and who are able to influence, by means of large payments, even the attitude and actions of other important personalities. In order to withstand successfully these adversaries and to found an independent newspaper, ample resources are indispensable.

We venture to hope that our aims and plans may meet with your approval and that your interest in the movements of progress and human welfare may perhaps induce you to give active support to the cause which we have so much at heart and for which we, in the special circumstances now ruling, make bold to appeal to your sympathy.

If you are willing to subsidize our undertaking, we beg you to send your kind contributions to Stockholms Enskilda Bank at Stockholm, Sweden, for order of the undersigned, Professor Dr. Hans Cornelius, Oberursel near Frankfurt on Main.

We are, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed)

DR. HANS CORNELIUS,
Professor in Frankfurt University;
DR. ERNST VON DÜRING,
Professor in Frankfurt University;
DR. GEORG BURCKHARDT,
Professor in Frankfurt University.

THE NEAR EAST.

Last year each personal contribution gave life to one or more orphan children of the Near East—little survivors of the Smyrna disaster.

We have been holding on since then—the hardest twelve months of our experience—trying to conserve that which you made possible. During that time a quarter of a million lives were saved.

Today 60,000 orphans remain in our care. It would be a crime to forsake them! To stop that which Near East Relief is doing would actually mean starvation and death for thousands of innocent children for whom, even at the best, the barest necessities of life—not luxuries—are provided.

And in addition, although conditions have improved, there exists one of the most tragic situations ever revealed to America. Hon. Henry Morgenthau has just cabled us from Athens:

"One must personally see thousands of homeless waifs in refugee camps to appreciate the present distressing tragedy here. Please secure outside means enabling us to provide for 5,000 more orphans at once. *Every day we refuse scores of applications to admit new children.*

"If possible secure also additional funds to provide supplementary feeding throughout winter for 25,000 children for four months at one dollar fifty cents per child per month. Hope you can persuade Americans to open their hearts that we may open our doors."

You can see how serious it is. Our resources are exhausted, but there are human lives to show for it.

Now in an hour of very great need,

---

come, of Crown prince and Mahatma Gandhi, of Port Arthur as the high-spot and turning point of Caucasian civilization, of Democracy as a failure and Christian dictatorship as the solution, of Russian thousand dollar checks found credited to the account of the President of Haiti, of American intemperance and German perspicacity, of a formula discovered during long tropical nights of how to predict the eruption of war, and where there was a large heavy chest of volumes brought from Westpoint, and sheaves of the Washington *Star,* and, alas, the *Literary Digest,* "from which I get impartial information." . . . There were hints as to temptations and home-sickness, short words about 11 months in France, and answering remarks about an escape from under British barbed-wire and silly doings in Mexico.

There was a hand-clasp, and then another!

H.

we presume to appeal to you again. This is not simply an appeal of our organization—it is the cry of little children directly to you. Won't you send your check at once to Mr. Dodge, c|o Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Sincerely yours,
DARWIN R. JAMES,
State Chairman.
IRVING T. GUMB,
Manager.

THE CRITIC OF THE COMMUNITY CHURCH.

"Community churches are all wrong, whatever they do, in the view of their critics. These churches have been criticized for their isolation. Now that fellowship conferences are springing up in various parts of the country, the new charge is that they are drifting back into a denominationalism in which the community idea becomes the organizing factor. . . What is the fault which is arousing in the denominational headquarters this carping spirit? It is the fault of success. Eight hundred of these churches (800) have sprung up in a few years, not at the behest of officialdom, but on the demand of the plain people in every section of the country."—*The Christian Century.*

An Auxiliary Language

"If we wish to promote exchange of international thought as the most important means of securing international amity, we must employ a special implement. In this way we can all cooperate in developing a greater sense of attachment among the warring factions of mankind." DR. E. HOWARD TRIPP, Sec'y of the British Association Com. on International Language; in *"International Language."* 17 Hart St., London, W. C. 1.

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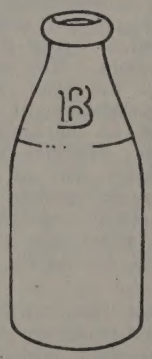

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